

Confusion

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Summary: A Terrorist's thoughts. Kinda confusing, as the name suggests.

## Confusion

Confusion

><br>As the title suggests, this story may be a little confusing. Hope you can decipher what's going on. There is no speech, no descriptions, only thoughts.

><br>For those who can't figure out, the map is cs-office.

><br>---

><br>Ok. Here we go.

><br>It's awfully cold... luckily I wore gloves, otherwise the metal of my AK would be frozen to the palms of my hands. Better be careful.

><br>Ok, creeping around the back, behind Will. There's a ladder here, and a window. The cold of the snow is going straight through my boots. Wish I'd worn thicker socks.

><br>Gah! The metal ladder is freezing. And as I'm climbing the AK's sight is bonking me on the head. Finally! At the top.

><br>Break the stupid glass, Will. Yes, with the knife. \_Honestly.

><em>

><em>Don't slash it!<br>\_

>The <em>handle!<em> Bash it with the handle! Yes, I don't care about the noise! Just \_break the stupid thing!

><em>

>Ugh. <em>Finally.<em> Unsling AK, sidestep past Will, and...

><br>Hello boys! We've come to blast the crap outta you... nah. But make any sudden movements and we will.

><br>Ahh, the satisfaction of seeing their frightened faces. Reminds me of a rabbit. Get the duct tape from my belt, Will, while I cover them.

><br>\_No, not my ammo,\_ you idiot! Do you see this ring \_here?\_

><br>\_No, not the grenade ring!\_ Pull that and we all go sky-high!  
\_Aarggh. You idiot\_. Cover them with your Scout. I'll tie them up.

><br>\_Will.\_ Hey...  
><br>He's moving!  
><br>Get him!  
><br>\_Son of a....\_  
><br>Ow!  
><br>Ow! Hey! You stupid...  
><br>\_Get the stupid duct tape, you idiot, Will!\_  
><br>\_No, not that!!\_ Ow!  
><br>This guy is putting up one heck of a fight...  
><br>Well take this! And this!  
><br>And-- ow!  
><br>This!  
><br>Finally. Stupid idiot.  
><br>So, you \_finally\_ found the duct tape eh? \_Well tie them up!\_  
  
><br>\_Will!!  
><em>  
>Cover them, Will. <em>No you idiot! Not the pistol! Scout!<em>  
  
><br>A few minutes later  
><br>Well that's done.  
><br>Oh, it's my radio. Hang on for a sec...  
><br>What? Counter-Terrorist teams here already?!  
><br>Dang. Will, stay here, and guard the door. And don't go on one  
of your wild shooting things again.  
><br>\_I don't even know whether he can shoot in the first place....\_  
  
><br>Here we go. Hallway.  
><br>Who's-- oh, it's you, Otis.  
><br>Well, looks like I'm off to cover the door-- wait, that sounds  
like that idiot Will.  
><br>Will, \_what the heck are you doing?!\_ Good grief, you \_stupid--\_  
  
><br>Otis. Help guard the door. I need to stay here and supervise  
this idiot here.  
><br>Wait-- those are gunshots!  
><br>Aargh!! Otis' body just flew down the hall!  
><br>SAS!!  
><br>Die die die die!!  
><br>Aarggahrg it's an M3 Super 90!!  
><br>Ok. Casualty check.  
><br>Otis. Dead. Will. Alive, \_curses.\_ John. Injured, but still able  
to put up a fight.  
><br>Zack. Dead, most likely. He was standing at the door when--  
  
><br>\_Crap!\_  
><br>Phew. Dang, I just emptied an entire clip.  
><br>Ok... Me, uninjured-- wait.  
><br>My ear got hit with some buckshot. Gah, it'll heal. Especially  
in this cold weather.  
><br>Will, go out and guard the door. I need to guard the hostages.  
\_Yes, even if it means dying!\_ Don't be so melodramatic.  
  
><br>Goddesses, where did John get this guy?!  
><br>Wait. Will?  
><br>Will?  
><br>Don't give me this crap. Will, report in.

><br>But if he's dead, I didn't hear anything!  
><br>Wait. His body is there. Musta been a knife attack, since at  
this range I woulda heard a silencer-- crap.  
><br>Man, that was close! This Glock is pretty good... even though it  
won't stand up to a Desert Eagle.  
><br>Wait, what was tha--  
><br>END

End  
file.